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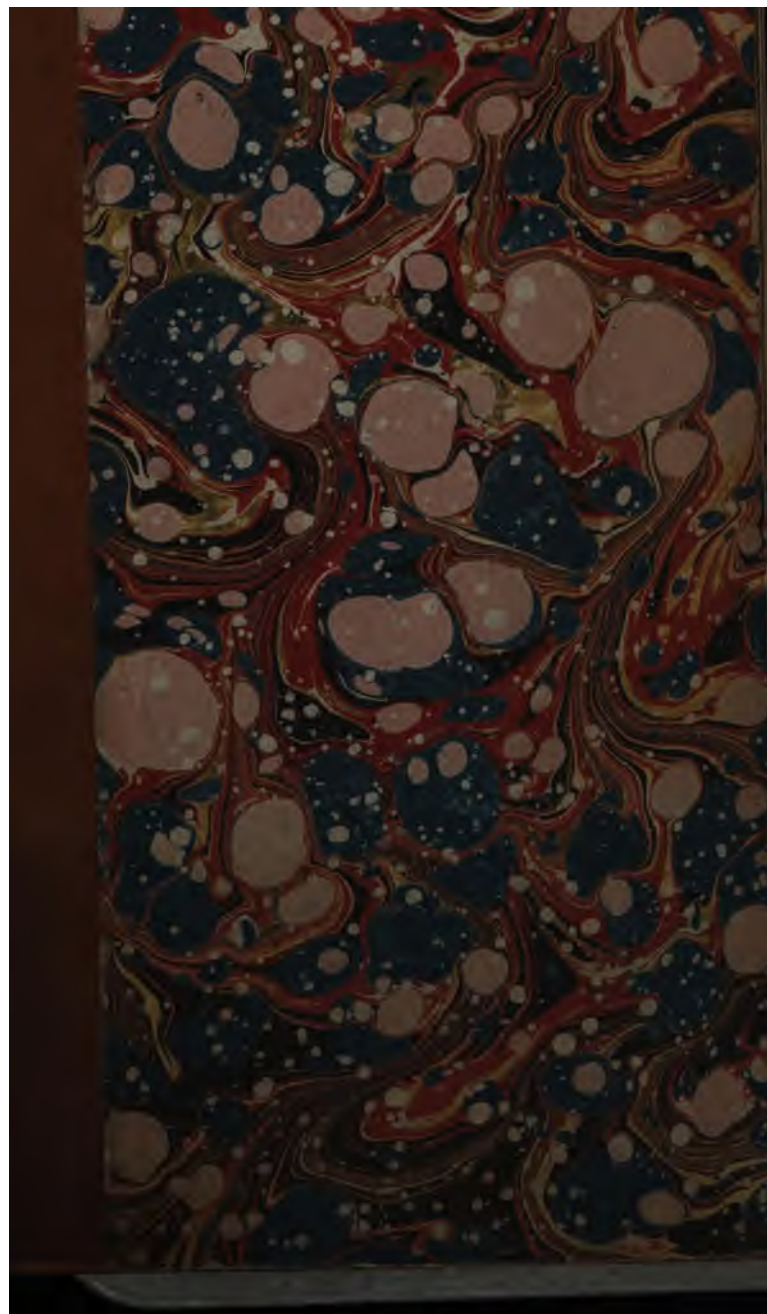
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THE RETURN;
A SUMMER-DAY'S JOURNEY.

BY



EDMUND PEEL,

AUTHOR OF THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIM, JUDGE NOT,

&c.

LONDON:

LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS.

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TO
MRS. BROWN,
OF MIDDLETON IN TRESDALE,
THIS SUMMER-DAY'S JOURNEY
WITH ITS PASTORAL SCENES AND ASSOCIATIONS,
IS INSCRIBED
BY HER AFFECTIONATE BROTHER
EDMUND PEEL.

THE RETURN.

longo post tempore venit.

COME, Love and Memory, with pilgrim-feet
To roam again the region of the dawn,
The dawn of hope which having lured from home
Your fellow-traveller, left him!—Hope no more
For *him* the primrose by the meadow-path
Shall *here* unfold, nor vision in the wood
Reveal, nor add one sparkle to the stream :
For they are gone who made the vernal world
Of which he dream'd delightful, they who roved
With him the dewy glade, while silence hung
Enchanted o'er the brooding nightingale.

Hope soars, beholding earth and each dear grave
 Bosom'd in heaven!—Come round me, ye beloved
 Companions of my childhood, whether earth
 Or heaven infold you, be in spirit near
 To greet me on my journey. Shapes and hues
 Long-vanish'd, reappear; years, days, and hours,
 Angels alike of sorrow and of joy,
 Of chasten'd joy and sorrow long subdued,
 Are now before me, colour'd with the dawn,
 Or dim, or mellow in the light of noon.
 Familiar forms of beauty and of love
 Move round me, smile upon me, bloom and fade
 Untimely; and a weight is on my heart!

A river glideth by me calm and clear
 As when, my mother holding by the hand,
 I first beheld it flowing thro' the vale
 Fleck'd with fine motes, or dimpling in the light
 Of pearly myriads waved with emerald
 And ruby, poised amid the sunny stream:
 Nor wanted shade; for oft came floating by

Islands of verdure, swaths of meadow-grass
New-mown, slow-moving to the measured sweep
Of scythes. It was a time of calm, a place
For contemplation, whence divinely rapt
The soul is caught up to her native heaven.
But hither we return, and here abide
'Till earth to earth be render'd, not in light
And sunshine ever, by the tree of life,
In health and blissful ease ; oft under cloud
Of woe, and ever in the shadow of death.
Nor leads thro' pleasant pastures, by the flow
Of peaceful waters, one unvarying path
To the pure region of our pilgrimage :
More often do we climb the crag of pain
Tangled with thorn, a stony solitude
Of gloom and horror ; roam the wintry waste ;
Or meet the plague of death 'mid fiery sands
High-roll'd above the howling wilderness ;
Or faint on the dull road of common life.
Ye slaves of passion, wasted by the fire

For ever burning in the guilty breast,
 For you no quiet hath the blue of heaven,
 The verdant earth no beauty ; nor the wave,
 Tho' troubled by an Angel, health for you
 Sore-stricken, self-tormented : turn and flee,
 Divinely rescued from a galling yoke,
 Nor dig before your time the vengeful grave.
 Care, Folly, and Ambition, deaf and blind
 To God and nature, toiling after gold,
 Or dazzled by the splendour round a throne,
 Or dreaming of dominion, hence!—forbear
 To vex our sabbath with your restless thoughts.

But ye are welcome, who have made the world
 A path for love and duty, undepraved
 In thought and feeling, true in word and deed,
 Nor lured by pleasure, nor elate with power :
 On you, amid the Babel, thro' the gloom
 And din eternal, sounds and visions rise
 Of grandeur, and of beauty, and of joy.
 The gleam and thunder of the cataract,

The foam, the torrent round the deep black pool,
 Roll'd and for ever rolling ; the bright arch
 Over the gulph, the vapour boiling up,
 Rise, dear to memory, from hill and dale :
 A bleating cry among the rocks ye hear,
 A lowing down the valley ; glen and grove
 Awake to melody ; and hark the clang
 Of him whose challenge maketh night turn pale !
 Ye trace the smoke around the village-spire,
 Ye breathe a benison on those who sleep
 Below, and those who wake ; and cherish hope
 Hereafter, gliding down the vale of years,
 To live and die among them. Unto you
 Meanwhile be given, type of the promised land,
 River and wood and plain, and sunny slope,
 And cheerful homestead cherish'd as your own ;
 A region hedged with uninvaded right,
 A dwelling roof'd with love, under whose eaves
 The sacred swallow nestles unalarm'd,
 While, on a branch of myrtle lower down,

The night-enchanter o'er the window-pane
 Trills, full of rapture, pouring unreproved
 The soul of love and music : what a strain
 Elysian! what a deep and holy trance
 Above the dewy rose!—On the hush air
 A rippling harmony from blade to blade
 Runs, in a rapid chirping undersong :
 Like burden fell on the Mæonian ear
 At noon, shrill-sounding thro' the Chian grove. *

Familiar seem those overarching elms,
 The poplar-group, and cedar all alone,
 And moated house and garden, eastward seen
 A furlong from the road ; in nothing changed,
 Or only where the buildings look more old,
 And the broad cedar-boughs of deeper gloom.
 The brindled savage growling near the gate
 So growl'd and bristled, when in mutual wrath
 We parted long ago—if Time and Death

* Homer's Iliad. Book 3. 151. 2.

Have spared the monster : less uncouth appear'd,
 If not more faithful, to Laertes' son,
 The dog that knew his master ill-disguised
 In lowly weed from the quick eye of love! *
 Devoted wanderer by sea and land,
 Sore must have been thy trial, after years
 Of war and tempest, years of hope deferr'd
 And love defrauded, making the heart sick ;
 Sore must have been thy trial, to return
 To the beloved region of thy birth
 Unlook'd for, unacknowledged, undeplord,
 Remember'd only by a dying dog!
 O faith in human virtue, sacred trust
 In the devoted heart of gratitude,
 Of duty, love, and honour, are ye quench'd?—
 Nay, there be now, and shall be evermore
 Souls over time triumphant, over change
 And evil fortune ; souls divinely arm'd
 Against each open each insidious aim,

* See Homer's *Odyssey*. B. 17.

Unbroke by bondage, unappall'd by death.
 The slave Eumœus doth not stand alone
 In loyal service to a stricken lord : *
 The good Samaritan hath sons and daughters
 Who go about the wide world doing good,
 By Mercy charged to visit dire abodes
 Of sin and misery, to succour want
 And sooth affliction, by the noisome couch
 Of sickness, by the tossing rack of pain ;
 In lazar-houses, spotted with the plague ;
 In cells inhuman where the demon-bound
 Laugh and lament, and howl ; in chamber lone
 Where Pity bendeth o'er the troubled dream
 Of guilt ; or in the dungeon of despair.
 Go forth, ye children of a royal line,
 To comfort such as mourn, and to reclaim
 The wretch abandon'd by a cruel world :
 The poor and lowly cheer with hope of joy ;
 And, like that Angel which came down from heaven

* See Homer's *Odyssey*. Books 14 and 15.

Clothed with a cloud, a rainbow on his head,
 Which stood upon the sea and on the earth,
 And lifted up his hand to heaven, and sware
 That time should be no longer,—to the proud
 Proclaim eternity with awful voice.

Go forth, to be commended of your Lord
 Before the host of heaven, to share the praise
 Of him who found the Hebrew traveller
 Fall'n among thieves, naked and wounded sore,
 And having stanch'd the stranger's rushing blood,
 And poured oil and wine into his wounds,
 And bound them up, set him upon his beast,
 And brought him to an inn with tender care,
 And on the morrow, having freely paid
 For his provision, said unto the host
 "Take care of him, and when I come again
 I will repay thee."

Journeying on, we reach

An inn, more dreary than the ruin'd Khan
 The traveller passes on the mountain-road

From Taurus toward Amanah. Not a flower,
 Or leaf, or trail of verdure o'er the wall,
 Invites the wanderer to seek for rest
 And entertainment *here*. No waggon now
 Is heard to drone along, grinding the flint
 To powder, moving to the sound of bells :
 No more the waggoner reclining *here*
 May quaff oblivion, nor the weary boy
 Pluck from each eager mouth the moisten'd hay :
 The trough is full of dust, the waggon gone
 And he who drove it. With that northern wain
 Loom'd from afar the region of the North,
 The mountain and the flood, each hill and dale,
 And open moor, and forest-glade remote,
 And city multitudinous, and spire
 Sublime, and beacon o'er the craggy gulph :
 So soon will young Imagination raise
 Out of the dust a visionary world!
 Yon Inn, tho' dull of aspect, alien deem'd
 From human comfort, lodged the human soul

Divine, good Angels keeping watch and ward.
 Thither, erewhile, at dead of night was borne
 One wounded by the way and left for dead,
 My brother! strangers laid him on a couch,
 And, moved to pity, laved the bleeding brow,
 Chafed the cold hand, and felt the languid pulse
 In silence, overawed by mortal change.
 But when at length the body heaved a groan,
 They seem'd to catch at hope, and bade me trust
 In Him, the good physician, unto whom
 The wretched are as brethren. Only one
 Of all who gather'd round us, proved unkind,
 A rigid moralizer, one of those
 Who stand aloof from pain, or soar above
 The weakness of humanity, on such
 As need compassion, looking down with scorn :
 God help them in the dark and evil day!

A leech was sent for, one of potent art
 To stay the fleeting breath : he came and went,
 And hope departed with him : other aid

Was sought, and all that art can do was done ;
But nature made no sign! hour after hour
Went by, a weary melancholy time
Of dire foreboding, while the sufferer lay
In swoon, as tho' the spirit were asleep,
Or, flown, had left the body uninform'd,
When hope had pass'd beyond the burning stars,
I heard a step, and saw my father come
Into the room, and stand beside the bed,
And leaning over, take the passive hand
That knew not of his touch! then turn away
In deep emotion unrelieved by tears.
Another and another came to mourn
The deaf and blind and dead to human woe :
They little thought, in those dark heavy hours,
That he whose ear is open unto prayer,
Whose eye is privy to the secret tear,
Would bring the shadow back upon the dial,
And to the life fast ebbing add new years
Of trial and affliction—not in vain!

They little dream'd, that after many days,
 In other room and region would be given
 To watch the dying, and to mingle prayer
 And benediction with the parting breath.
 The stupor pass'd away—the yawning earth
 Closed, and the cloud that overhung the brain
 Gave way to phantoms from the realm of dream,
 And they to reason ; and the wound was heal'd.
 I well remember, how in yonder room
 From each uncouth and ghastly vision freed,
 My brother look'd on Lion, then on me,
 With an unquiet eye, while the poor dog
 No less bewilder'd, lick'd the bony hand,
 And look'd up, whining, into the wan face
 Cross'd by the shadow of a sickly smile.
 If thou be one who round about thy heart
 Foldest the mantle of inhuman pride,
 Behold the strong and valiant overthrown,
 Observe, as not unconscious of a change,
 The troubled eye of blank astonishment :

Remember thou art wonderfully made

- Of life and death, of terror, woe, and pain
Inwoven with each fibre of delight ;
Remember, when thou sayest " I am rich,
In need of nothing," thou art then most poor,
Naked and wretched, blind and miserable!*
- If Revelation be the word of truth
(And none may doubt it) if the lip of scorn,
The lofty eye, and overweening heart,
Be an abomination to the Lord,
O then walk' humbly, bow the stubborn will,
Exchange the purple for that heavenly robe
The poor in spirit wear, with grace adorn'd,
With purity, humility, and love ;
So live, that ere the silver cord be loosed,
And dust with dust be mingled, having built
Eternally on truth the living rock,
Thy spirit may return to Him who gave it,
To Whom be glory! Lord of life and light,
Whose wisdom, provident of evil, gave

* Revelation 3. 17.

The hand her cunning, taught her how to cull
 Each herb of sovereign virtue, dropping balm
 Upon the nerve of feeling, deign to bless
 The healer, and to perfect human art,

Once more the river windeth into view,
 'Mid fields of verdure flowing to the west,
 Till, check'd by pastoral hills of gentle slope,
 The waters turn to the meridian beam.
 Between our path and that Hesperian hill
 Dark-brow'd, with bosom open to the south,
 The wavy lawn and level ground alike
 Are rich in herbage, grazed of goodlier kine
 Than ranged of old Trinacria's guarded shore,
 Ill-guarded from Ulysses' impious crew!*

Dear unto me the landscape early lost
 And long lamented, redolent of May
 New-blown, 'mid flowering hedgerows interspersed
 And elms wide-branching, whence the village-smoke
 Emerging, curleth round the grey Church-tower.

* *Odyssey*. Book 12.

Peace, smiling, filleth all the land with light
 More fresh and sparkling for the lucid flow
 Of these smooth waters, thro' the dewy sward
 League after league holding their even way.
 Blithe voices warble round the village-green,
 And Echo, waken'd from a dream of woe,
 Without repining sings of love and joy.
 The garden yonder by the river-side,
 Screen'd from the north and sloping to the sun,
 Enjoys a heaven of calm, not unenjoy'd
 Of such as summer in the open air,
 Or him beneath the willow, letting float
 His thoughts at random down the peaceful stream.]
 What part can Sorrow have in such a place?
 Or why will Memory for ever mourn?
 Nay, as in Eden by the bower of Eve
 Squatted the toad malign, with venom dire
 To taint the fountain of immortal life,
 To lead the fancy captive, and to forge
 Illusion; so, among the flowers that bloom

On earth, our lower Eden, worms obscene
Lurk, and defile the garden of delight.

O that the wound of Sin were unto death!
That human misery might have an end,
And every tear be wiped from every eye!

O ghastly spectacle! oh! hideous change
From health and beauty to a livid corse
Bloated and foul, which Duty might have scann'd
With eye impartial; but the thought of home,
Of love untroubled, beauty undefiled;
A sense of daily blessings undeserved;
A feeling that the common air we breathe
Is not more common than our frailty,
Pleaded for ruth and pardon, and prevail'd.
O fatal passion! which before her time
Stung the quick soul to "jump the life to come!"*
So young, with sunshine round her and above,
And beauty mirror'd in the golden light
Of the calm river, roses running wild

* Macbeth.

With woodbine o'er the memorable lane,
 What from boon nature made her turn away,
 And, like a clouded heaven, the fringed eye
 Bend earthward, blinded by prophetic tears ?
 What apparition flitted o'er the path
 Of haggard horror, and wild-eyed despair,
 And grey-hair'd anguish sharpen'd by remorse ?
 How terribly distinct the memory
 Of that eventful day! how strange it seem'd
 To find no comfort in the tranquil heaven!
 When I revolve the beauty of the earth
 Made dim, the quiet of the sky disturb'd
 And darken'd by the tempest of our thoughts,
 I wonder more and more, and go my way
 Beneath the sunshine with a clouded heart.

To dare the Judgment, and to spurn the grace
 Divine ; to quench the sacred spark, and plunge
 Into the void forbidden, is a woe
 To blank the heart, and make the blood run cold.
 Better endure the burden and the yoke

Of woe and pain and want and ignominy,
 Nay, e'en the tortures of thy rack, remorse,
 Than overleap the pale of life and light!
 Rain from above may cleanse the spotted soul,
 And true repentance blunt the sting of death;
 All may be well, with faith and love and hope!
 Without them none can live and be at rest.

Fields, freshen'd by the river of delight
 Without a murmur flowing, dewy fields
 And fragrant, must we leave you unenjoy'd,
 Each old familiar pathway unexplored,
 The boon amenity and natural wealth
 Observed in silence, treasured in those caves
 Which nurse the fountains of eternal thought?—
 These elms, of danger once the fabled haunt,
 Have felt the spoiler, by the levin brand
 Scath'd, by the tempest broken. Time hath thinn'd
 The foliage pendent o'er the garden pale,
 Dark-hued, or quivering with hoary light;
 Hath vein'd the bark with sable, flung a gleam

Of red or golden o'er the furrow'd trunk,
And overlaid with night the matted boughs.
Hark! to the moan among the long-hair'd pines
O'er the departed like a funeral dirge!
The giants of the garden are no more :
The towering aspen, and that ample plane
Whose woven shade we loved, and annual rind
Smooth-flaked, or sloughing off like dragon scales,
Are gone. The gates remain, and mansion, once
Open, now guarded day and night by dogs
Keen as that hound infernal from hell-gate
Dragg'd by the son of Strength. Have they devour'd
The people ? for behold the skeleton
Of a dead village mouldering to dust !
Wide gape the bare dry ribs, the glazed eyes
Are rent, and through each hollow in and out,
And each old cranny of the roofless skull,
And thro' the breast now open to the ken
Of man and angel, all the winds of heaven
Are free to wander, free the murky wing

Of vampire flutter'd by the moaning air.
 The village-store is empty, each light weight
 And each false balance gone to their account,
 With all the brood of evil!—Faith and Love
 All-hoping, all enduring, ye are gone
 Who lodged with low-roof'd Poverty, and found
 Content, the kingdom of a quiet mind!
 No children now launch on the rivulet
 Their feathery proa, curved like the shell
 Of Nautilus, first pilot o'er the deep :
 No maiden with her pitcher by the pool
 We meet, nor ass lone-feeding in the lane,
 Nor idle gang against the gable-end
 Of hut or garner, planning nightly spoil
 Of orchard pond or henroost, as of old
 Black Will and Oakley, badly eminent
 For tyrannous strength, and overreaching art,
 And each inhuman outrage how avenged!
 Th' indignant country drove the robbers out
 With all their kindred, sparing neither age

Nor sex, confounding innocence with guilt ;
 Each hearth, and roof, and weatherbeaten wall
 To crumble dooming by a slow decay.

The stream below us runneth where it ran,
 The dear old river, old, for ought I know,
 As Kishon, ancient river, with the stars
 And Barak launch'd against the pagan host.
 The river-fed lagoon, pike-haunted, black,
 And still as death—the rose-crown'd waterhen
 Among the sedges piloting her brood,
 By the green sward and elm-embroider'd edge
 To forage—show as in the days that were.
 Yon anglers, seated on the willowy marge
 Below the bridge, did idle thus methinks
 A quarter of a century ago!
 Have I been dreaming! is the morning star
 Still my companion!—would it were a dream,
 And Burrell now were waiting down the brook
 To drop a fly over the limber end
 Of willow wand, among the cheven tranced

In the calm heaven of their appointed home!
Would he were casting under a low bridge
To lure the silvery dace, or with red worm
The spotted bullhead, smoother than the stone
On which it lieth basking! or beyond
A dim ravine, with bramble overgrown,
Maple and briony and brier-rose,
Would he were angling in the Lower Dell
Oak-crown'd, where, under hollow banks abrupt
By many a winter torrent undermined,
The waters, opening out, spread over sand!
There, in a ripple, by the jutting stile
Under the hoary willow, would he take
The bearded gudgeon with a golden bait,
And hold it up to these admiring eyes
Array'd in purple over mail of pearl;
Or, with a painted minnow, would involve
The perch in vain uplifting rubied oar,
And horrent ridge of clouded emerald,
A breast more clear than opal, and an eye

Of purer water than the diamond.
O beauty woven with the thoughtful mind
To grace or gladden some peculiar nook
Of shade, or bank of sunshine, evermore
Remember'd, whether by the runnel grew
Blue hyacinth and yellow asphodel,
And ragged-robin colour'd like the rose;
Or oak tree cast a shadow from the south
Over the road, to where a tinkling rill
Trickled in dewy light from under ground!
Smote by the zenith's fiery pointed shafts,
On me how soothingly the breezy shade
Fell, and the drops of crystal! then how fresh
The river gliding by under the bridge,
Smooth, glossy black, or with a wave of green!
A willow trail'd her streaming foliage
Over the water, flutter'd by a breath,
In the pure element her silvery spray
Dipping. Hard by a clayey mansion stood
Roof'd with a yellow clay, a formal pile

Flank'd by white palings and a wooden barn :
 Yet, by the river graced and spreading oaks,
 It seem'd a cool retreat, each window-pane
 Glassing the tremulous umbrage, while a voice
 As of a spirit shook the summer leaves.
 O rich beyond the Mantuan, in the wealth
 Of uninvaded right and equal law,
 The Melibœus of these peaceful plains!
 Boon nature round about him from his birth
 Flow'd with the common air, and ever made
 A moving harmony ; and yet it seem'd
 As tho' the rugged rind of that hard cheek,
 And the high pitch of that untunable throat
 Had felt the winter only ; so it *seem'd*,
 But under seeming lie unfathom'd depths
 Of good and evil : jewels pave th' abyss!
 What plummet-line can sound the heaven or hell
 Of that eternal deep, the human heart ?
 A mellow murmuring, a slumberous sound
 In and about a honey-laden hive,

Draw the tired pilgrim from the beaten path,
To brood with Memory o'er a roof of thatch,
A plot of orchard and of garden ground,
And meadow running down into the brook.
Between the beehive and the cottage-door
Behold Amelia with the Book of books
Open before her : she is very pale,
Yet with a hectic on the hollow cheek
Touch'd, and a gloaming round the thoughtful eyes
Deep as the blue of heaven, holy and calm.
Her lip is as a rose untimely faded ;
Her hair, a golden wave of rippled light
Against the rising moon ; her orb'd brow
Fair as a star, fit temple to enshrine
The grace and beauty of a virgin soul.
Rapt in the rainbow round about the throne
And golden altar full of incense shed
From golden censers, incense sweeter than
Of myrrh or cassia, or the fragrant oil
By Mary pour'd upon the Living Lord ;

Rapt in the thought of that Anointed One
 In Whom to live and die is blessedness,
 The maiden vieweth with an equal mind
 The crown of gold, the white robe, and the palm,
 The blissful harpers on the sea of glass
 More clear than crystal, and the river pure
 Of life, still flowing by the tree whose fruit
 Is immortality, whose leaves drop balm.
 A city paved with light—its gates of pearl,
 And wall of jasper raised on precious stones—
 The guard angelic like a flame of fire,
 And the dread angel with the golden reed,
 Gleam from the mount of vision on a host
 Innumerable, gloriously array'd :
 But nought can wean the maiden from the Lamb
 Once slain, from death eternal to redeem
 A world ; to bless the poor in spirit, raised
 Together with the pure in heart to God ;
 On Whom relying, she hath cast her all
 Into the treasury, of Him approved

Who stamp'd with deathless praise the widow's mite.
 The poor who have the Gospel preach'd to them,
 And hold it deeply treasured in the heart,
 Are rich indeed : what idol hath the world
 To draw their eyes from heaven, or lead astray
 Their feet, or snare their soul ? the dulcet voice
 Of pleasure may not lure them, nor the words
 Of vain philosophy turn from the truth :
 For human learning they have light divine,
 And hope, on which to anchor unalarm'd
 When storm and darkness hide the polar-star.
 Ye great, who lean upon the broken reed
 Of royal favour ; ye who tremble lest
 Riches should make them wings, and flee away ;
 And ye who keep the fountainhead of truth,
 The well of living waters, from the poor ;
 Look on Amelia dying in the Lord,
 And know that faith in that Almighty Word
 Which call'd us into being, is a rock
 To stand unshaken when the heavens and earth

Founder, plunged down the unfathomable void.

Old River, haunted by familiar shapes
And sounds familiar, be to other men
Who see thy waters glide beneath the bridge,
And hear them murmur, as to me thou art!

Smooth is the slope beyond us, overbrow'd
With dusky foliage, smooth this upper stream
Flowing, as seemeth, through a sapphirine cave
With emerald rimm'd, bosoming heaven and earth.
Kine on the margin graze, while overhead
The lark would teach the poet how to rise
And fall deliciously, in lyric strains.
Like carol long ago did here delight
A wanderer thro' the meadows and the woods,
And hollow ways remote ; one skill'd to dip
His pencil in the rainbow, and to fix
The varying hues of nature ; one inspired
To feel the power of beauty and of love,
To speak the language of the conscious heart
Believing, hoping, fearing ; one ordain'd

To labour in the vineyard of the Lord
 And gather souls of men. May never Art
 Nor Science, love of Nature, nor renown,
 Seduce from wisdom such as serve the Truth
 With undivided homage!

Lo, the lodge

The preacher dwelt in, by a bowering elm
 Impleach'd, and cover'd with a pensile roof
 Of russet, interwreath'd with branching oak!
 Rough are the walls and hoary, overlaid
 With bark, grey-gleaming thro' the deep-green leaves
 Of the starr'd Jasmine. Like a crescent moon
 O'erarch'd with sapphire, doth each window look
 Abroad on woods of chesnut and of oak
 And elm, wide-ranging dewy glades between;
 Or over sunny slopes, and meadows fresh
 With running water, sweetly interspersed
 With hedgerow grove and orchard, by a ridge
 Of verdure bounded, on the brow of noon.

To this the poet's picturesque abode,

My brother led me one delightful day,
 To share the morning-meal, and troll for pike
 Hard by (the water lay in yonder park).
 Time sped in social talk, or high discourse,
 Then when the preacher launch'd, as one inspired,
 On nature, and on beauty, and on power
 Moral and intellectual ; and reveal'd
 As through a tube of light, that orb of song
 Wordsworth ascending 'mid the tuneful spheres!
 In wonder heard I that immortal name
 Too long unknown, and evermore revered,
 And while I listen'd to the touching tale
 Of Margaret in affliction, deeply moved,
 Beheld my brother (not without surprise)
 Smile, as the bowl grew greener by the fountain ; *

* Stooping down to drink,
 Upon the slimy foot-stone I espied
 The useless fragment of a wooden bowl,
 Green with the moss of years, and subject only
 To the soft handling of the Elements.

Excursion. Book 1

But "thereby hung a tale" not to be told!
So let me pass unquestion'd on my way,
A pensive journey under leafy boughs
That bring to my remembrance what we were,
And are, and are to be, children of change,
In promise putting forth, a part to fade
Untimely, canker'd in the bud of youth ;
And part to flourish bravely 'till "the sere
And yellow leaf" surprise them; and a few
To lag behind the world, lingering in pain
'Till winter shake them down into the grave!
A mournful thought, but for the world beyond
Of light and life and glory, many a glimpse
Of whose surpassing splendours even here
The gifted eye enjoyeth, as they stream
In amber over emerald down the vale,
Bedewing all the ground with liquid light,
Pointing each spire, and colouring each vein
Of leaf and herb with beauty not their own ;
The woodland chequering with tremulous beams,



Or gliding o'er the grass when the pale star
 Of love is bosom'd in the crimson air.
 But in the mind and in the heart of man
 Are revelations of diviner light,
 Sun moon and stars outshining, gleams of love
 Divine alike and human.

To the north

Of a long avenue of arched elms,
 Thro' which the rays of sunlight ebb and flow,
 A formal range of lowly dwellings stood,
 Each with a strip of garden shelving down
 Upon the common path. There was a well
 Of limpid water by a cottage-bench,
 A spring of bounty sacred evermore :
 O Time, if pity move thee, spare the place!
 The trees are here, in all their breadth and depth
 Of shade, and *there* behold the wicker gate
 And narrow garden ; lo, the very well
 Of priceless water ! such to me it seem'd
 One summer-afternoon, long long ago ;

When the poor owner let her bucket down
 To quench our burning thirst : my mother praised
 The water for its purity ; and she
 Who drew it seem'd to thank her for the praise ;
 So loveable is gentleness ! so fair
 The noble bearing of humility !
 I little thought to look upon this well
 Again, and feel its freshness at my heart !
 Flow on, ye waters, evermore to cheer
 The dweller by the fountain, to revive
 The faint, and on the thirsting heart to fall
 As dew upon a field beloved of heaven !
 To me, long hallow'd by familiar feet
 The spot we stand on, each of these green lanes
 Umbrageous, winding round about the park
 Up to the village-green, or running down
 Into the dewy vale, is holy ground.
 In calm communion many a time we took
 This path together to the place of prayer,
 Those waters passing, and the wooden barn

Red-tiled, and house roof'd with cerulean stone
Newfangled, guarded ever by a dog
Grim-eyed, gaunt image of his wolvisish sire !
Yon orchard open to the mellow noon,
The garden and the meadow, seem unchang'd ;
Yet, not a leaf, a blossom, or a blade
Is there, of all the bloom of other days !
Changed are the willows, floating more abroad
Over the bank, the river, and the bridge,
Dappling the meadow-grass and the green wave
But lithe as ever, lo, the water-weed
In long thin streamers waving up and down
With even motion, like the pulse of rest !
The waters teem, revealing more and more
The more we search their volume : nimble eyes
Follow the blue gnat dancing in the beam,
And dipping oft, where creatures rainbow-hued
Cleave the mid current, darting on their prey.
Or wheeling suddenly on sanguine wing
To where ephemeral myriads, unalarm'd,

Play with the present, sporting o'er the stream.
 On filmy wing diaphanous, behold
 The flying dragon, round with luminous eyes
 Earth air and water sweeping ; now at rest
 On the smooth marge, sunning his woven scales
 Of purple and vermilion green and gold :
 So full of wonder, but that we are blind
 To nature, is the common earth we tread !
 The wild convolvulus, to me more fair
 Than in the dawn of feeling and of thought,
 White-flowering, twineth round the thorny bourn,
 Weaving a coronal for each green bough,
 And spreading all the bank with cups of light.
 An ash-tree yonder overhung the road
 In beauty unabiding, while the wreck
 Of other generations, these grey planks
 Remain, to bridge a channel for the brook.
 Shrunk are the waters, dwindled since the day
 Black Will and Oakley forth a sedgy deep
 Drew, cunningly ensnared, the ravenous pike,

And glour'd malignly, loth to be surprised.

Once more, on higher level than the brook,
 We meet the winding river : what a wave
 Of beauty, fairer, holier, for the light
 Of love and memory on hill and dale
 Irriguous, flower-enamel'd, deck'd with wood!
 Behold a bridle-road inwove with green,
 An inky pool, and open marge, no more
 The haunt of corn-consumers : have I not
 Watch'd, gun in hand, the coming of the foe
 To drink, a dusky legion, and forborne
 To fire, suspended by a secret spell!
 But lo, an angler on the river-bank
 Coil'd in a nook of silence and of shade!
 "Good morrow, any sport, Sir?" "None to speak of—
 The wind's in the wrong quarter, and the place
 Too much frequented." "Why not try another?"
 "There are but few to choose from—times are chang'd!
 I well remember (those were happy days)
 When each had leave to wander where he would,

And angle down the river not in vain!
 But men are growing selfish, shutting out
 Their poorer brethren from the fresh green fields
 And running waters : only step aside
 To pluck the whitethorn-flower or brier-rose,
 Law stares you in the face, at every turn,
 With threaten'd prosecution : for my part,
 I thought the Law commanded love and mercy."
 "And so it does! but tell me how they came
 To block the footway up, a thoroughfare
 Old as the meadows, older than the stream;
 What right had any to remove the stile,
 And arm this jutting gate with iron spikes?"
 "Nay, Sir, I know not, neither care to fish
 In troubled waters, nor to trench upon
 Forbidden ground : if *you* would try the right,
 Your road is thro' the gap to yonder bridge."
 He nodded, smiling ; smiling in return,
 I clear'd the dyke and cross'd the Rubicon!
 But not in anger, nor to challenge wrong ;

For, while I moved, the pilgrim Memory came
 To meet me, silent as the sunshine strown
 In quiet beauty o'er that hallow'd ground,
 Where, on the day of rest, with open heart
 We summer'd long ago in love and joy :
 But now, alone, the more of love bereaved
 The more in love abounding, I revolve
 The various accidents of time and change,
 The sure decay of beauty and of strength,
 The mortal agony, and long remorse!
 Ye voices, sweeter than the murmurous hum
 Among the leaves adown the pebbled brook,
 Why are ye silent now?—ye caves of sound
 Once fill'd with harmonies of earth and heaven,
 Why are ye closed?—orbs, beaming once with mind
 Whose radiance unobscured shall dim the stars,
 How are ye quench'd! 'till time shall be no more
 To "lie in cold obstruction!" to remain
 Blind to the rising and the setting sun,
 To the green hill and overhanging grove,

And flowing waters flowery slopes between
 Now in the sunlight basking, as of old,
 The same in seeming, but to me how changed!
The Deep Bridge and *The Shallow Bridge* remain—
 The river floweth as it ever flow'd
 Smoothly and evenly without a sound—
 But those who down the gentle current took
 Their pastime, floating round me, I might call
 And none would answer! I might look and look
 Along the meadow-path, 'till heaven and earth
 Reel'd with the failing senses! let me bathe
 My brow, lone-brooding over what hath been!
 How often have we loiter'd by the brook
 Together, traced the many twinkling shoals
 Against the ripple glancing, caught the gleam
 Of pearl and ruby waved with golden light!
 How, over smooth blue pebbles by the flood
 Upheaved, have wander'd with inquiring eye,
 Or, under hollow bank scoop'd by the stream,
 Peer'd on the gliding Pearch, richly array'd

In bristling armour gorgeously begemm'd,
 Yet barr'd with gloom—as when black shadows thwart
 The deep-green wave ; or when the meteor red
 Is streaming from the north over the snow !
 How beautiful the quivering halcyon poized
 In air, between the willow and the wave !
 How blithe and full of beauty field and grove,
 And dimpled water laughing in the light
 Of summer, kissing each Elysian isle !
 And yet, the visible glory doth but veil
 Unutterable Glory unreveal'd !
 The flowers, the stars, the vivifying sun
 Shall fade and be forgotten, dark and void :
 The hour is coming, when these pastoral slopes,
 The brook, the river, and the dear old lane
 Conn'd over with a fondly lingering eye,
 Shall know their place no more, when these dim eyes
 Have long been darken'd—but the light of love
 Divine remaineth now and evermore.

The time hath been, when camping hereabout,

The swarthy tribes their simple canvass spread
 Dark as the tents of Kedar, by the pool
 Of Merom pitch'd, or near the purple wave
 Of Galilee, or round thy fountain pure,
 Elisha, changed from bitter into sweet,
 From barren into fruitful, well of life
 And health, from under figtree gushing out
 Into the jungle mid rejoicing reeds,
 To gladden man and beast.

I would behold

The wild encampment which in boyhood took
 Imagination, emblem picturesque
 Of a free people in the desert born.
 Black patches, over which the caldron hung,
 Hoary with ashes of extinguish'd fires,
 Are now before me—many a mould of form
 And beauty—age ugly and venomous—
 The tall athletic chief, and dark-eyed girl
 Straight as a palm and graceful, by the side
 Of a bow'd crone steep'd to the lips in guile—

The ragged urchin begging unashamed—
The tether'd ass, and each detested dog
Whose fury made me turn and stand at bay—
Confront me lingering on the byway-bridge,
A path of verdure tracing, overgrown
With bramble, and the suckle's honied twine.
The bird whose song made glad the solitude,
And hare, a white shower flinging from the grass,
And eager marten hunting down the game,
Arrested by a rustling in the brake
To pause and listen—these, not idly traced,
Glide from the dewy twilight into day.
Below the bridge, far as that shepherd-boy
Who smote Goliath might have slung a stone,
The stream is shallow, rolling over sand
In many a whirl, between whose dimpled pools
The dace is gliding silent as a shade.
There, at the bend, beyond the gravelly bank
On whose bright edge the twinkling minnows play,
Their wavy colours bathing in the beam,

A goodly peach was taken, *then* a prize
 Rare in these waters : swoln with triumph stood
 The captor, like as, before Zion-wall,
 The proud Assyrian, vaunting cities waste,
 Altars defiled, and temples overthrown ;
 Elate, as o'er innumerable hosts
 The Persian, he who cut Mount Athos through,
 And would have chain'd the deep ; or like that huge
 Champion in Elah-vale, who to the feast
 Of death inviting bird and beast of prey,
 Defied the armies of the living God.
 Too long, Vainglory, have thy specious pomps
 Beguiled the simple, and usurp'd the place
 Of true nobility, that would exalt
 Our nature, quell despotic power, and curb
 Ambition ; by the trumpet of renown
 Elated never, moved with human woe
 To judge the laurel-wreath too dearly won !
 South of the bridge, adown the river lay
 A narrow field that border'd on the lane :

I roam bewilder'd, looking round and round
For things which are not! Change hath been at work,
Uprooting Memory with ruthless hand,
Removing many a landmark, cutting down
Hedgerow and elm whose branches interwove
A covert for the cattle of the field,
And housed the wandering bird. To such retreats
Together hurried by the driving North,
The fieldfare and the throstle red of wing
Will lead the cloudy van : but now, imbower'd
In Scandinavia mid the maple grove,
They sing of Summer thro' the golden hours.
In winter mute, or with a plaintive cry
Flitting from hedge to hedge, the tuneful tribe
Doth with the Blackbird dine, lodging at night
Among the heath or on the bare cold ground.
Oft have I mark'd the coming of the cloud,
Track'd the wild foragers from field to field,
And heard, what time the beak of hunger stripp'd
The thorn and holly of their coral beads,

The Storm-cock chiding on a blasted bough,
 Prophet of evil! Call'd from icy cave
 See Winter brewing in the north and east,
 Bedimming with a lurid haze the sky ;
 And hark! a wailing thro' the troubled air!
 Blood-red the sun went down : no beamy star
 May pierce the cloud of hyperborean gloom
 On the bow'd welkin. Silently the snows,
 Flake upon flake shot from the zenith down,
 Spread wide, and deepen o'er the frozen waste ;
 Or slanted by the storm, drift over drift,
 Sweep, slugging the black waters, a numb mass
 As tho' the current of their heart grew cold!
 A reed can stay them! spears of grass, fine-edged
 As steel new-sharpen'd, check the lazy flow :
 A film hath dimm'd the river : light will dawn
 Upon a smooth expanse of glistening ice
 Of ebon hue or hazel, starr'd with light
 As of a frozen bubble full of air.
 Another day and night are come and gone,

Another and another, and behold
 The skaiters, shod with lightning, flashing down
 The river, or in circles wheeling round
 In emulation, whether to and fro
 They drive the flying ball, or try to thaw
 The curdled ale, or in the crimson tide
 Of dying daylight bathe the two edged steel :
 Nor homeward move they 'till in heaven above
 And in the deep below the pendulous stars
 Twinkle, so stirring is the frosty time !

But now of other times the beamy power
 Reminds me, of the sunny days of old,
 When, on those gentle slopes while summer lay,
 In seeming idleness I dream'd for hours
 Beneath a spreading oak, or under shade
 Of hedgerow flower-inwoven, mid the deep
 Hush to boon nature lending eye and ear
 Devout, what time the lizard thro' the brake
 Ran, darting in and out her lustrous eyes.
 A woodnote then, and then another told

Of deep contentment : love hath many a bower
 And cave of melody o'er which to brood
 Dovelike : the visible world is large of heart
 And deep, to treasure and to deal delight ;
 But larger, deeper, is the living soul,
 Embracing earth and air, and many a world,
 The soar of Contemplation, and the seat
 Of bliss no tongue can utter : blessed they
 Who, launching on the future, learn to guide
 The "thoughts that wander through eternity!" *
 On earth we have not where to plant our foot
 Securely 'mid the moving sands of time :
 Years do their work on all : the mortal hand
 Of change is lifted over wood and vale
 River and mountain : would it had not fallen
 On these old meadows, breaking up the sward
 Into thin patches speck'd with stunted trees!
 Yon tent and willow gladly would I give
 For the wild apple under which we bathed ;

* Milton's Paradise Lost. Book 2,

The yellow gravel by the water-side
 For turf of emerald hue, with flowers inlaid
 And blue mosaic-work of shell and stone ;
 Nor less the level causeway, raised of art,
 For the green hollow once the noontide haunt
 Of kine beneath the quivering aspen laid.
 Time, and the fretting of the cankerworm,
 The thunder and the tempest and the stroke
 Of the sharp axe, have bow'd the branching head,
 And spoil'd the fruitful orchard once our own:
 The corner-apple tree, and walnut old
 Whose overshadowing boughs and odorous leaves
 We loved, are gone from all but Memory!
 Torn are the pines that crown'd the garden-mound,
 The roses perish'd from the mossy verge
 Of *the Dark Walk*, the white rose and the red
 In union beautiful, and running wild
 As nature led them o'er the spindling grass.
 Here, in the twilight, have I whiled away
 The noon, when silence quiver'd in the flow

Of a clear rippling on the tremulous air :
Then, ever on the wing, the dragon-fly
Gleam'd to and fro, or o'er the gaudy moth
Hover'd, with meal of gold upon her wings :
The Blue-cap overhead, cunning of look,
Eyed me from under and above the bough:
Then would a rustling haunt the matted couch
Of Eld, and, lo, the gliding of a snake
Unconscious of my presence! then a heave
A motion and a murmur, and behold
A shadowy creature tinier than the mouse
In Autumn housed among the golden sheaves!
With in-drawn breath, unwilling to derange
The beating of a heart divinely made
To feel the quietude, I lay at rest,
Awake to nature, with a conscious sense
Of a creative overruling Power
Benignly provident, the mind of man
To contemplation leading, duly taught
To feed on thoughts eternal, and to draw

From mortal memory immortal hope.

A change will come o'er nature: one by one
 The giants of the forest fall and die:
 The traveller hears the crashing of the boughs
 Aghast, far-ringing thro' the deathlike calm!
 A worm will sap the strongest, or a bolt
 Strike, or a spark, how kindled who can tell
 On the wide Prairie 'mid the wither'd grass,
 Or among leaves and touchwood, into flame
 Blown, will leap up, and run along the ground,
 Sweep the scorch'd plain, and climb the howling bluff,
 Driving the wolves before it and the bears
 And bisons, headlong, and the trooping deer
 And the wild rider on the desperate horse,
 Involved in one wide ruin, blank with awe,
 In their red agony forgetting hate
 And strife and spoil, "in ruin reconciled!" *
 The vulture poised above the rolling cloud
 Feels the hot blast, and through the dun air soars

* Paradise Regained. Book 4.

Wailing, above the region of the wind.
Not that old dragon darkening many a rood
Of Faery, belching fire and brimstone out
Against the Red-Crosse Knight, was so array'd
In terror, so with desolation arm'd!
What though it dimm'd the region wan and waste,
And hoarsely braying made the welkin quake,
Yet did the flaming eye and arrowy tongue,
And the scale-armour on the speckled breast,
The broad wings, and the wide-devouring maw,
Lie open to the sword and to the spear
Of Faith, divinely temper'd, keen as death.
But what can wound the nimble air, or turn
Back from the writhing prey the red-hot flood
Against the forest raging, many-tongued,
Each tongue a fiery serpent through the brake
Hissing, or licking up the vital sap
In crimson oozing from the wounded bark,
Or coil'd about the trunk and tearing down
The crackling branches, on from tree to tree

In deadlier volume rolling, 'till the last
 Huge dweller by the waters, tumbled prone,
 Quiver, a Titan on the burning lake!

E'en *here* the lofty stoop, and mosses shroud
 The buried root of power. The raven old,
 Lone haunter of the region, might have flapp'd
 The doom'd one from the cradle to the grave.
 Untimely scath'd, the swing-sustaining elms
 And oriental plane, and aspen tall
 East of the garden, know their place no more :
 But other trees remain on whose smooth bark
 Are written words familiar, mark'd of one
 Who with a reverent hand the graven rind
 Touch'd—for she felt “a spirit in the woods,” *
 One, like in youth, in beauty, and in name,
 To her who dwelt (and dwelleth evermore
 So long as numbers touch the feeling ear)

* Wordsworth.

with gentle hand
 Touch—for there is a spirit in the woods.

Nutting.

"Among th' untrodden ways" by springing Dove,
 "Fair as a star, and sweeter than a rose
 In June, or violet by a mossy stone." *
 Thanks! gentle Lady, for thy timely care
 And gracious sympathy, that strove to keep
 Alive the memory of what had been!
 For daily do we die; and where the flower
 Bloom'd, few remember; Time in the new bud
 The faded leaf forgetting: nobler they
 Who in the past as in the future live,
 A future rising from the tomb of Time!
 Would that, no longer haunted by regret,
 The love that hallow'd each departed joy
 Might cheer and comfort the revolving mind!
 Here, I remember, grew the tree of life
 No more immortal, yonder, in the prime
 Of beauty, tremulous with rosy light,

* See Wordsworth's Poems on the Affections, that beginning with,—

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
 Beside the springs of Dove.

An Almond, like that everblooming one
 Of him admired, who by the gloomy flood
 Of Mulla communed with the Faery Queene. *
 That almond, brighter than the flush of dawn
 Or sweet suffusion o'er the conscious cheek,
 Is here in seeming : visionary balls
 Roll, in the twilight, o'er the level green
 To the black pines twin-born, and summer-seat
 Beyond, o'ershadow'd by a spreading beech.
 But while I gaze they vanish ! fraught with pain
 The marble vase is gone ; and gone are they
 Who quaff'd at eventide the dewy air !
 What marvel, brooding over mortal change,
 If the deep heart of memory find no tongue !

Encroaching ivy, save upon the South,
 Hath overrun the mansion. A dim eye
 Hath each old window : O for the loved eyes
 That, looking heavenward, hail'd the light of day
 Rising or setting or in the centre throned,

* Spenser's Faery Queene. Book I. Canto VI.

Eyes now in their eclipse—so fade the stars!

The hall is open : can the time be come
 I may not enter unannounced, nor stand
 But as a stranger on the social hearth!
 O for one little hour to be alone !
 To take my way through each remember'd room,
 And waken with a footfall, long unheard,
 Echo ; to mark the loving ivy twine
 About the nursery-window, and to muse
 On Childhood moving with a silent awe
 Round Lion in the sunshine, or at play
 With Silvia prettier than the spotted pard !
 But it were vain to linger, and, in truth,
 Not without danger in the narrow road
 Between these old outbuildings, dingy grown
 And hoary, wasted by a slow decay :
 For hark ! the frantic babel yelling loud,
 And lo, on either hand, the cruel fangs
 Horribly gleaming of outlandish hounds
 That rushing out to rend me, glare, and roll

Their bloodshot eyeballs round the strangling chain.

The midway channel keeping, so to shun
 The danger openmouth'd, we round the point,
 And gliding over a calm haven, land
 On an enchanted island in the north,
 A fruitful region in the golden hours
 Of old, a pastoral orchard unadorn'd.
 But now—the glory of the bended bough,
 The stream of silver down the flowery mead,
 The moated garden and the moated grange,
 Are gone ; and in their room, inventive Art
 Hath wove of arbour labyrinth and lawn
 A web of wonder ! what is that to me ?
 It cannot come between me and the plot
 Of green with fruit and foliage overhung,
 Between me and the willow-chequer'd moat
 And pool of open water ; cannot cloud
 The noonday-haunt, nor flutter the fond dream
 That wove a future of refulgent glory.
 It cannot change one feature or one tone

Of joy, nor mar the beauty which hath been !
 How often, in the ripple, have I watch'd
 A shoal of spangles twinkling while it turn'd
 To the sun, as light athwart a raven plume !
 How oft admired, wafted on golden oars,
 The mute creation voyaging the deep
 With even glide, in colour like the bow
 In the cloud, or dewdrop in the eye of morn !
 How often, like that Ancient Mariner
 Who looking on the creatures of the calm
 Hung o'er their beauty with a yearning heart,
 How often have " I bless'd them unaware ! " *

O for the voice of that old Mariner
 Or older prophet, to rebuke the vain,
 And rouse the sensual from a dangerous dream !
 To fix the wandering eye and charmed ear,
 To cry aloud and spare not, startling sloth
 And shaming self-indulgence !—I would rend

* A spring of love gush'd from my heart,
 And I bless'd them unaware.

Coleridge's Ancient Mariner.

The film of fond illusion, vice unmask,
And overawe an evil-hearted world ;
I would unravel the fine web of art,
Unwind the coil of envy and of hate,
Impeach injustice, bow the neck of pride,
And ring alarum in the hall of Power :
But on the young and gentle, void of guile,
My words should fall as dew upon the grass,
As light upon the temple of the Lord :
I would approach, and on their open heart
Drop balm of healing while I probed the wound
Of alien nature ; I would say, forbear
To fill the chambers of the inner temple
With wanton imagery ; dread to grieve
The pure Eye present ever : march right on,
Not to be tempted though a form of light
Would lure you from the path with honied tongue.
Beings of unimaginable guile
Hover around you, with an evil eye
To catch you tripping, with a nimble tongue

Of accusation, spirits most impure
 Malign and unrelenting, wild with hate,
 The more, because they dare not cross your path.
 What though to warn, to chasten, or to slay,
 War plague and famine, arm'd with woe and pain,
 Should in the sunny present lie in wait,
 Or in the shadowy future, fear them not !
 For ye are mail'd in adamant proof,
 To fight, to conquer, and to wear a crown ;
 Remember Dothan and the guarded mount,
 The horses and the chariots roll'd in fire. *

O for a constant heart and steadfast eye
 Fix'd on the mansions of divine delight,
 To quell the brood of evil, and to thwart
 Each haughty barrier rear'd against the truth !
 O for the dayspring when the desert-place
 Shall bloom as Eden! when the tribes that mourn
 In exile, bound, or wandering over earth,
 Shall out of woe and bondage be redeem'd,

* II Kings. Chap. vi. v. 17,

No more to feel a load of daily care
Weigh on the heart at waking ; nor to wrong
With a reproachful look the laughing earth ;
But in a heaven of calm to lie entranced
Beside the living waters, 'till the dawn
Of a new day, the Sabbath of the world!
O for the time when all who bow the knee
In adoration, one in faith and hope
And love, may kneel together, in accord
With Him who died for all that all might live !
No more to be tormented by the tongue
Of hate, nor trampled by the heel of power,
No more to bear the pity of the proud,
Nor the low homage of the willing slave !
But, in the light to dwell among the free,
Communion holding with the good and great,
Martyrs to truth and champions of the right,
Whose high example roused a laggard age ;
To see sublimity throned in the calm
Of thought ; and hear the rolling harmony

As of an ocean of symphonious sound
 Pour'd to the One Eternal, One in power
 In wisdom and in goodness. Such delights
 Hath true allegiance ! greater lie beyond,
 Unutter'd, unimagined, unreveal'd
 To mortal eye bewilder'd in the depth
 And height of the divine beatitude !
 Great orb of song, while soaring th' empyrean
 If thou wert blinded "with excess of light," *
 What hope remaineth, from a lower sphere
 To climb the heaven of heavens, and to reveal
 The councils of Eternity ! Be mine
 To follow, with the Galilean crew,
 The Queller of the waters by whose word
 We live, on that sheet-anchor laying hold
 Firm as the Rock of Ages ; which the powers
 Of air beat idly o'er the billowy hell.
 To Him who rear'd a beacon on the Rock,

* Blasted with excess of light.

Gray's Progress of Poesy.

And fix'd an anchor for the drifting soul,
Be glory and dominion evermore!

The vision ended, and the woven hymn
Of joy and beauty native to the heaven,
Of care and sorrow common to the earth,
I go, not unrewarded in the hope
That one or two, in exile or in pain,
Will find a moral built upon the truth
That all alike are pilgrims on the earth,
That all alike, for wise and gracious ends,
Are chasten'd with affliction, made to feel
That each hath need of lenity and love,
“For we have all of us one human heart.” *

* Wordsworth.

See “The Old Cumberland Beggar.”

THE END.



